SCENE III.

8170.

THE LAMENTATION OF JOB.

Maestoso.

f

Job.

Let the day per- ish where- in I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child con - ceiv- ed.

A

Let dark - ness and the sha- dow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell up- on it; let the blackness of the day

cres.

ter - ri-fy it.
Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark;
let it look for light, but have none;
nei-ther let it see the
dawn - ing of the day.
B
Why died I not from the womb?
For now . . should I have lain
still and been qui- et,
I should have slept. . . . .
Where the
Più lento.
Più lento.
dolce.

wicked cease from troubling ; and the wea-ry are at rest. There the pri-son-ers rest to-ge-ther ;
they hear not the voice of the op-press-or. The small and the great are there ; and the
servant is free from his master.
Più mosso.
p
Where-fore is light giv'n to him that is in
Più mosso.
cres.
mi-se-ry, and life . . un-to the bit-ter in soul ; Which
agitato.
cres.
long for death, but it com-eth not ; and dig for it more than for hid

rit. *f* *p* *rit.*

treasures; Which re-joice ex-ceeding-ly, and are glad, when they can find the

rit. *p* *rit.* *p*

Lento come 1mo.

grave.

Lento come 1mo.

mf

f *dim.*

Allegro maestoso.

f

How should a man be just with God?

Allegro maestoso.

f

mf

If he will con-tend with Him, he can-not answer Him one of a thousand.

cres. *mf* *f*

f

He is wise in heart, and migh-ty in strength, who hath hardened himself against Him, and

mf

C
prospered?
He re - moveth the mountains, and they know not, and o - ver -
- turn - eth them in His an - ger.
He shaketh the earth out of her place, and the
pillars there-of tremble.
He com - mandeth the sun, and it
ris - eth not;
and seal-eth up the stars.
He a - lone spread-eth the heavens, and tread-eth the waves of the sea.

D
Allargando.
He do-eth great things past find-ing out,
and wonders without num-ber.
ff Allargando.
p
p
cres.
p
Lo, He go-eth by me, and I
mf
p
see Him not, He pass-eth on al-so, but I per-ceive . . Him not.
p
p
p
My soul is wea-ry of my life; I will
leave my complaint up-on my-self; I will speak in the bit-terness of my
p

Lento.

soul. I will say un-to God,

Lento. *espressivo.*

Do not condemn me; shew me wherefore thou con-tendest with me. Is it

good un-to thee that thou shouldest op-press, that thou shouldest de - spise . .

. . . the works of thine hands, and shine up-on the coun - sel of the wick-ed?

allargando.

Thy hands have made me and fashioned me round a-bout; yet dost thou de -

-stroy me. Are not my days few? cease then, and let me a-
dim.
p
p
p
-lone, that I may take comfort a lit-tle, Be-fore I go whence I shall not re-
dim.
F
p
p
-turn, e'en to the land of dark-ness and the shadow of death; Where
p
pp
p
light is as darkness.
p
p
Lento espressivo.
Lento espressivo.
p
cres.
f
dim.

p
Man that is born of wo-man is of few days, and full of trou ble.
p
G
He cometh forth . . like a flower, and is cut down: he
cres.
fle - eth al - so as a sha-dow, and con - tin-ueth not.
p
p cres.
p
As the wa-ters fail from the
f
p
sea, and the flood de-cay-eth and dri-eth up: So man li-eth down, and

H
-migh - ty was yet with me, and my chil-dren were a-bout me;
f
p
mf
I put on righteous-ness, and it cloth - ed me: and my
mf
p
judg-ment was like a robe and di-a-dem. Un-to me men gave ear, and wait-ed,
poco rit.
a tempo.
mf cres. e poco animando.
and kept si-lence at my coun-sel. Af-ter my words they
poco rit.
a tempo.
f
mf cres. e poco animando.
spake not again; and my spi-rit drop-ped up-on them. I chose out their way, and sat

p rit. e dim.
K a tempo.
chief, as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.
f
p rit.
mf a tempo.
cres. molto e stringendo.
Meno mosso
f
But now . . my soul is poured out up - on me; the days . .
Meno mosso.
f
f
. . of my af-flic-tion have tak-en hold up - on me.
Animando.
sf
mf
f
8va
Allegro agitato.
f
My bones are pierc-ed in me
Allegro agitato.
p cres.

in the night sea-son: and my si-news take no rest.

He hath cast me in-to the mire, I am be-come like

dust and ash-es. L I cry un-to

Thee, . but Thou dost not hear me:

I stand up, . . but Thou re-gard-est me not.

p *sf* *p* *p* *p* *f* *cres. molto.* *sf* *f* *p* *p* *cres.* *sf* *p* *p*